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Angeline Harvey Pearson
History of her Ancestors

A HISTORY WRITTEN BY

ANGELINE HARVEY PEARSON

OF HER ANCESTORS

April 5, 1924

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FOREWORD

On writing a family history, one has to depend very much on the memory of older persons as well as to what we may personally know, and the memory of different persons vary and circumstances may give an event a different coloring from some one else, we must depend on what seems the most reasonable, or accurate account. And in comparing what I have heard, with what I have heard related by other elderly people outside of our own relatives, I find that what was related to me by my grandparents was in conformity to the experience of all who lived under the same conditions, so I submit this to the kind judgment of the reader. But I believe had I written this many years ago it would have been more strictly correct and much more interesting and richer in information.

With the hope that it may be a happy perusal to the reader, and convincing them that our ancestors were an honest, industrious, noble class of people who have labored to develop and build up the most God fearing Government on the Earth. So I submit this bit of humble writing.

Angeline Harvey Pearson

March 5, 1924

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Thomas Harvey

The following history was given me by Thomas Harvey, my father's father. Thomas Harvey was born in Roldolph County, North Carolina, December 13, 1795. Died at Fairmount Grant County Ind. Feb. 3, 1868, and was buried in the grave yard near Friend's Meeting House in Buck Creek neighborhood about 2½ miles north of Fairmount.

He had suffered some 15 years with some sort of heart trouble and at times had suffered intensly and had been a great anxiety to his family as his life was so uncertain that some of us watched him almost constantly for many years. He was one of the first settlers of that neighborhood. The funeral was largely attended. The funeral sermon was preached by a Friend's minister - Thomas Day, and one of his most esteemed friends. He had a birthright membership, and believed in and advocated the doctrines of Friends entirely. Thomas Day preached from the

text, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace" Ps 37:37. That text well fitted him as his life had always been pure and upright. He was one amongst thousands whose life was governed by his convictions of known duty. In the place where he was raised many persons owned slaves, worked them, bought and sold them as suited their pleasure; but from his early childhood he abhored the system of slavery and it attendant evils. This opportunity for an education was quite limited. It was two miles to the school

house, a distance which he walked all alone, and only got to attend it for two years. It was one of his great regrets that he could not have an advanced education and his great love for an education was extended to all children. Early in his life he saw the debasing influences of Slavery and the lack of opportunity to educate his children in N. Carolina were the principal causes of him moving to Indiana where he could encourage education, advocate freedom for

the slave and work against intemperance unmolested. The legislature of North Carolina was constantly befriending the slave owner by making laws more and more rigidly in favor of slave owners. According to the law a slave owner had three votes for every slave he owned.

Origin of the name of Harvey

We have learned that the name of Harvey originated in the north eastern part of Ireland, where it was pronounced Hervey, but some persons of that name emigrated to Scotland, and as the Scots speak a different brogue they pronounced it Harvey, and after that some persons went to England and lived and the name still is pronounced in that way.

First imigration to America

The first imigration of our ancestors must have been sometime in the early part of the 17th century, but I have no dates and they

landed at Jamestown, Virginia, from there they moved on into North Carolina, and as

some had been charter members of Friends with George Fox, they settled in Randolph County where there were quite a neighborhood of Friends.

My grandfather did not have any brother, the name is carried by his sons alone. He had four sons to grow to manhood; Henry, Jesse, John Sadler and Thomas, and one daughter who died at the age of 22 years, Mary Harvey Wilson. His son, Jesse, had a large family. Most of his grandchildren died at an early age with the exception of Jesse Harvey's fhildren.

My Grandfather's Stories

It was about two hundred years after America was discovered that there began to be much interest taken in emigrating to the New World as it was generally called, but emigration was slow and it is not to be wondered as the means of travel was so poor. All the sea-worthy vessels were wooden and none were propelled through the waters, only by oars or sails, and the progress very slow. Probably as much as two hundred years after our first ancestors bravely

crossed the stormy Atlantic before steam was applied to a boat or an iron clad vessel plowed rapidly through the waves of the Atlantic. "Safety First" is the watch word now, and even the Northern Atlantic is guarded by ships there to warn the southern ships of the dangers in iceburgs floating down from the North. Wireless telegraph helps to save human life.

Slowly a knowledge of the New World crept into minds of the Old World's people with the intense hatred of the common people for the political and religious persecutions and restrictions which was imposed upon them. Many saw a safe way out was to go to America. Expecially was this true of England's oppressed people. But there were some ambitious young men who longed for their liberty, England seemed too slow in granting, gathered what they could of financial means and ventured into this wilderness to help found a government in righteousness and justice. But there were others

who were not financially able to pay their way, but were equally anxious for the coveted liberty to "Worship God according to the dictates of conscience" and helped to make just law. The captains of many vessels found a way for this class of poor young men by taking them on board their ship and if there was any want for them they worked their way across. If not when they reached an American port the captain "sold them out" as they expressed it, to the highest

bidder, and the young man was to work for the man, receiving board, lodging and clothing till his debt was paid, which usually was about six months. As a general thing the captain had no trouble to dispose of these men as there was more work to be done than men to do it. This country owes much to these public spirited captains for helping a strong, ambitious class of honorable men to leave the oppression of the bigoted rulers of England to help make a nation which now never sees the sun set on its vast possessions.

13.

I suppose it must have been sometime in the latter part of 1600 or the early part of 1700 that there lived a family in the city of Dublin, Ireland, who had two sons, but no daughters. These young men had heard of the wonderful America and being intelligent ambitious boys, decided they would come to America. Their parents were wealthy, but as they were the only children, they were sure their parents would not consent to part with them and they concluded the best way for them was to leave home secretly, so packed a large chest with just such articles as they could but their mother happened to overhear some of their talk, and when they were absent from home one day, she and their father unpacked their chest and in the bottom put in many comfortable and useful articles, such as warm clothing, blankets and household utensils, and closed it up, which was a great surprise to them when they arrived at their destination. They had visited the

captain and made arrangements with him to take them and then to "sell them out." They slipped their chest secretly after night as they thought, and went on board, and after ten or twelve weeks voyage in an old sailing vessel, they landed at Jamestown, Virginia. They went to the captain and told him they were ready to be "sold", but to their surprise, he informed them that their father had privately paid their passage and also handed each a bag of money, enough to start in business. Their name was Chaney and one of my grandmothers was a daughter of one of these men. Once I saw in a newspaper that a member of the Virginia legislature was a Chaney. Possibly a descendant of the same family. I do not know their given names.

The story of Joshua Harvey

Although my grandfather had not the advantages of an education, more than to write and read, he was a constant reader and hardly ever sat down without a book or paper in his hands. Usually was a sub-

scriber to several papers and magazines and especially he was a constant reader of the Bible. He never failed to read a portion of it just after breakfast and sometime during the day. He was not only an interested reader of the Bible, but was an ardent student. His explanations of difficult passages have been to me the best explanations, and he was especially well read in the History of Friends.

But with all his love of reading, he scarcely ever disappointed me for a story when I asked for one. In long cold winter evenings we passed in that way. He in his arm chair, and I in my little one, in front of the big, open fire. I leaning on his tall knees, for his limbs from knees down were long, an indication that he had, as a child, lived in a mountainous country. The following story he repeated several times, but it was always just the same with interest to me.

He said sometime during the 17th century, that Joshua Harvey, an uncle, or great uncle of his, moved from eastern

part of Virginia to North Carolina and built a small, log cabin, starting a home in a thick pine wood. They, with other people, were very poor, and depended on wild game for their meat. It is said even today, by the fur hunters, that go to the northern regions of British America only inhabited by wild animals, that there are times they fail to take anything for weeks at a time the country is apparently deserted, Joshua Harvey had kept his family with well supplied with meat by the help of his faithful flint lock gun, but as their meat was about gone, he started out expecting to get something if only a squirrel, but not even that. For several days it was the same, He and his family were getting very hungry and disheartened. Again taking down his gun he said to his wife "I am going out again and you will not see me till I come with meat. I may perish in the woods, but I cannot stay here and see you and the children starve." He left

them alone. At nightfall he did not return. He tramped through the woods all day, would look into the distance in all directions but

nothing in sight. He would listen intently, but not a sound broke the awful stillness. But on he went looking and listening. Again night came and weary almost to exhaustion he lay down to sleep hardly hoping to see the sun rise in the morning. But he must try to tramp on. He thought of his wife and babies at home. Although almost famished he kept up till about three o'clock in the afternoon. He heard something that almost overpowered him. It sounded like the voice of a woman screaming in distress. He knew it was not a woman as this country was uninhabited; it was the scream of a hungry panther.

Fortunately for him, just a little before he heard the panther's scream, he had sighted a young doe, the first living thing he had seen, and killed it, and was busy dressing it. He laid aside a portion of the meat to broil for his supper as he was almost famishing of hunger.

The panther's scream seemed to be going round him in a circle but gradually drawing nearer. He knew the animal, like himself, was hungry. He tied up the meat in the deer's skin, climbed a small sapling and hung it high up so the panther could not climb to it.

Broiling his meat he satisfied his hunger and collected a large pile of pine knots. He knew he would have to stay up and keep a fire and light all night. About dark the panther came to him, so near he could see its eyes, but he dared not shoot it. If he was unlucky and only wounded it, it would fight so badly, and it is said there is no animal that will fight like a wounded panther. And another thing to be considered by our early hunters was their ammunition. They had the old inconvenient flint lock guns. They had to mold all their bullets and measure out their gunpowder, and these ingredients cost considerable so the hunters never used a load without good reason to believe it would be profitable. Instead of shooting he let it come up as close as he dared and threw a burning pine knot at it. Then it would run off in the woods for a little while and gradually creep

back. It kept us this game till after three o'clock in the morning. When he saw it was gone to stay he climbed for his meat, broiled his breakfast, and throwing the rest over his shoulder, started for home. He calculated that he was thirty miles from home. It was after dark when he reached home but very happy to find all his family alive. He was very much surprised and he questioned how it was possible for them to subsist so long without food.

"Oh watch thou that thy lips may
Never breath a bitter or unkind word.
For that which is lightly and idley said
Is oft too deeply heard.
And though for the time
It may leave no trace
For pride may it was concealed,
Yet the spirit thats calm and still
Is always the first to feel."

Earlham College 1802. Clarksin Davis.

20.

The death of his little sister

While he willingly told me many stories, this one he never spoke of but once. And perhaps some naughty doings of my own had prompted him to tell me, thinking it might be a lesson in obedience to me. To him it must have been a severe recital as he wept while telling it and sometimes would be entirely overcome till he would wait for more strength to go on. It was so sad, yet sacred. He said it was the greatest lesson of his life. I never heard him speak of it again, nor no one else. Perhaps none of his children knew it.

He said he was a little boy when it occurred and had one little sister, younger than himself, about two years old. His father had built an addition to his house. The carpenters had finished their work and gone, leaving the shavings and rubbish on the floor. He asked his parents if he might gather up the rubbish and pile it into the new chimney and set it on fire, but was told he must not

fire it. But when no one was looking he piled the open fire place full. His little sister was in with him and helped him. He went out, leaving no one with her, and she kept gathering the dry shavings up and tried throwing them in the fire. Her clothing caught fire and she was burned to death. He took all blame onto himself and said "I was to blame, I disobeyed." He finished by giving me a long talk about disobeying which I remembered but often failed to profit by it to my own loss.

Although I must have pained his kind heart many times he never punished me in the least. He thought that parents who whipped their children whipped more naughtiness into them, than out. "Her stepmother has whipped her for the slightest offenses. She shall not be whipped any more." All my uncles were unusually kind and I do not remember that either one ever spoke an unkind word to me.

His Ghost Story

He was like other boys and seemed to enoy telling me of some of his boyish scrapes. One especially. He, with two other boys of the neighborhood, decided to go hunting at night in an old field. Right here I ought to explain what an "old field" is, or rather what they were then. It seemed that soil of pine lands was not

and would not support a crop very many years, and at that time the farmers knew but little of fertilizing and there were no commercial fertilizers then, so when a field got so poor it did not pay to farm it longer they removed the fencing and "turned it out" as they expressed it. It would soon grow up with young pine and other trees and especially blackberry briars. It also would soon become inhabited by small wild animals, such as opossum, raccoon and other kinds. So they went with a dog and an ax to the nearest old field. The dog soon treed an

opossum up a large hollow pine tree.

The boys felled the tree and the dog in his anxiety to get the game rushed up too quickly and was caught under the top of the tree and was killed. They got their game which they threw away as the white folks of that country never eat opossum or coon. They left that delicacy to the slaves.

But for young boys out on a rampage one prank did not satisfy them. So they went to the creek to try their luck at fishing. Grandfather's dog was the one killed but seems that another misfortune awaited him. No sooner did he wade into the water than something bit his foot. He could not tell what it was but as it was a swift running stream it may have been the means of washing the poison out of the bite. He thought it some kind of water snake as

it did not pain him much. He decided it would not amount to much and instead of going home for treatment went with the boys on another escapade. It will

seem strange to my grandchildren, if any of them ever read this, that no longer back than in 1810 or something near that time, there were quite a number of persons who still believed in ghosts and practiced superstitution methods of getting rid of them. But my grandfather's family were members of Friends Meeting, lived in a neighborhood where most all were Friends and as a usual thing, Friends do not believe in ghosts nor are very superstitious. There was a family, not Friends, who lived near there, who were thorough believers in ghosts and at this time they had living with them an old mother of either the man or woman who had been feeble and sickly, confined to her bed most of the time. The family decided she must have a witch as no home made remedy nor teas benefitted her any. The next treatment to give her was to do something to get rid of the witch and they were very superstitious about cats and their remedy was for some one to stay up all night and as the weather was quite warm to watch and not let a cat cross the room for nine nights and

she would be cured. This condition was known amongst all their neighbors but not believed in. For the fun they might be able to get out of it, the boys concluded to take grandfather's bad dog

and go to their house and help to shorten this period of watching. I cannot tell how they managed it, but they cut some poles, fastened the dog onto the end with a slip knot and while all were very quiet they hoisted the pole with the dog on it to the top of the chimney and slid it off into the big open fire. It rolled down and out onto the hearth frightening the watchers almost out of their wits, and they ran out into the yard screaming, fearful to go back into the house again, neither would they watch another night. They closed up the house and went to bed.

The boys took to their heels and ran for home and were quite mum and carefully guarded their secret so well that it was never known who played the trick. By the time grandfather reached home

his foot was badly swollen and painful. Fortunately, his mother was wise in all sorts of home remedies and under wise treatment gradually healed and never afterward gave him any trouble.

In later years it has been the general opinion that the only remedy for snake bite is for the patient to drink heavily of whiskey but in those times it was frequently cured without, as also was cancer or what was pronounced to be cancer. And he related that at one time there was a swelling come on the top of his foot which his mother pronounced cancer. She believed she could remove it without any operation and gave it home treatment for cancer and took it off. It healed up and never gave him any trouble.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard." Prov. 31:16.

Rejoices over new Inventions

And not only the new inventions but the new rapid methods for the transmission of news from one part of the world to another. To give information on this subject he would relate how slow news went when he was a little boy. His parents lived on what was a great public road used by a stage coach which passed once or twice a week and carried what mail was on that route. It was customary for the stage driver to always blow a bugle when nearing a house even it it was only a country house and it was his pleasure to run out to the road as soon as he heard the bugle. On one occasion he heard the bugle and ran out and the driver threw him a newspaper, it contained happy information that a war with indians had been settled and Peace declared by the War Department, and his family informed

their neighbors who took no newspaper, and the almost unbelievable thing about it was that war had been over for three months and this was the first time they heard of it. It was a cause for great rejoicing. The newspaper only was a little sheet of only four pages.

He never ceased to wonder at the great new inventions and always rejoiced so much when something was invented that lessened hard labor or of great benefit to humanity. He delighted to compare the handy implements and tools he had the opportunity of seeing and using and would exclaim: "I do not conceive what more new thing can be invented as it seems everything has been invented. What can be next?" But his knowledge of improvements was only a beginning. What if he had lived to know the ocean bed was threaded everywhere for in the world with cables. Railroads connecting every city and town with every other city and town and telegraph wires and and telegraph was one of his wonders but what would wireless telegraph mean to him?

And still greater would be Radio and he could sit at his own table and hear the fine sermons preached at Whittier or Philadelphia. Yearly Meetings of Friends especially if they were stanchly advocating of benefits to humanity and glory to God!

His death was sudden and no doubt then was revealed to him more wonderful and beautiful the vision of spiritual things as Paul says: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath for them that love Him." I Cor. 2:4.

Menster Day And Old Laws

Although the early emigrants from the Old World to the New in order to shun oppresion and to have freedom for the expression of thought and action. Yet they brought with them much which has been found impracticable, especially in the first settling of the early colonies. England wanted to rule these colonies with such laws as suited their own interest and as an excuse for the people to protect themselves, as they feared England or some other nation might come and overpower them, they made a law that all men of military age should meet at some place set aside for parade grounds and muster one day out of each month. This was thought by many to be an unnecessary and cruel law as the poor, needy people needed their time to labor at home. Also there were some who were conscientious against preparing or in any way upholding war. Especially the Society of Friends. If any man of military age, regardless of

his consciences views refrained from going and taking a part he must pay a fine, and if he refused to do that officers would go to his home, drive away his stock, horses, cows and whatever he had; and if no stock, would take anything they could find if it was home woven cloth or any utensils for household use till the fine was satisfied. This often caused great suffering as some were stripped of about all they had, as the clothing of the family was taken away.

There were other laws very obnoxious which made true the old poem; Man's inhumanity to man make countless millions mourn. Man's inhuman laws especially in some of the states. Whipping posts were in many places used as a punishment for slight violations of law. Women were not exempt, a scolding wife or a witch could be given twenty lashes, or, as men made the laws, they were made to benefit men only. Early laws in New York State permitted a man to will away his children even an unborn baby to whomsoever he wished and was known to be carried out. The mother had no more redress from such wicked laws than a sow over her pigs.

The amusements have undergone a change. In early times

all murders had the same punishment. That was hanging. These hangings were out in some large open space, and everyone who wished to see the person executed were to come and witness it. And sometimes nearly everybody attended. It was believed that it would have a good effect in teaching people a lesson not to commit murder and avoid such a fate. Now most executions are conducted privately in prison walls.

Another source of amusement in young days of my grandparents was "goose-pulling" and surely it was a most outlandish spectacle. A field or open space was selected for the game. Two tall poles were erected a few feet apart opposite each other, a cross-piece was secured to the top of them and a goose tied by the legs in the center,

head hanging down. Men on horseback riding in a gallop went under the goose and the one who could catch its head and pull it off without stopping his horse got the goose for his Christmas dinner. Many people attended these and thought them great shows.

These cruel laws and cruel entertainments have all ceased but there are other things that are evil; which in the sight of God he may condemn as unrighteous.

One of the righteous poets has said:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."
"Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Grandfather's Courtship

When grandfather was twenty years old there was a general failure in his country of water power on account of a great lack of rains. Every stream if small was dried up and rivers so low mills

could not grind grain especially wheat. Many farmers had a sort of homemade mill which could be worked by one horse, as yet no stream power had come into use. Grandfather knew of some relation living in Guilford County named Sadler. Mrs. Sadler and he were first cousins and her husband, Henry Sadler, owned a large plantation with a grist mill and a saw mill both run by water power. He decided to take some little amount of wheat to the Sadler mill though a distance of sixty miles. The Sadlers lived on the bank of the Cataba River which did not dry up during this dry spell.

He arrived there late in the evening. Having tied his horses, he started to the house when he saw a beautiful girl down on the ground crawling from the "big house" to the "kitchen". During the time of Slavery the southern prosperous people had what they called the "big house" where the family stayed, and the "kitchen" where

all the cooking was done and where the colored people stayed or if not slaves they might be hired colored women cooks. This young woman was my grandmother eventually. She was just recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever and still unable to walk. Thomas Harvey was so much pleased with her sweet disposition and beauty that this was not his last visit. They were married when she was twenty two years old. Her father and mother were raised in the Friends Meeting and retained the opinions of Friends, but as there was no Friends Meeting near, my grandfather Sadler's family that took any interest in church joined the Methodist Church. My grandmother's was a member

of that Church, and it had been thirty years before she joined Friends. There were eleven children in her father's family, she being the next to the youngest one. Her brothers and sisters all married into slave owning families and Friends were opposed to slavery. They did not hide their contempt to Thomas Harvey as he was a staunch Quaker and opposed to slavery and War. So to show their dislike for him and his righteous principals they entirely disowned grandmother, never paying any attention to her. As the laws of North Carolina became more lenient towards slaves, and not in severity as her relatives wanted, they took their slaves and moved into some of the other southern states, especially Mississippi, near Makon, because the laws were not so rigid on slave owners. She never had any word from them after she left North Carolina. Not for fifty years before her death. Her father never upheld slavery, and when

asked why he did not buy himself slaves to do his work, he would answer; "I am bitterly opposed to Slavery and if every grain of wheat and corn in my mill turned to a gold dollar I would not buy a slave." He also helped to do what was in his power against intemperance, which at that time was a great hinderance to society. But few people were free from the use of liquor. When Thomas Harvey married Anne Sadler, he being a Friend and she a Methodist, it violated one of the rules of his church and the church appointed a committee to visit him. But Friends as well as others at this time were not free as they should have been against the making and

using of strong drink, so grandfather had a mill for the purpose of making peach brandy and when the committee came to visit him

one of them brought along a wagon load of peaches to be made into brandy. It was not long, however, before he was convinced that drinking of spiritous liquor was very wrong and afterward said that slavery and intemperance were his greatest incentives to move to Indiana. To get his boys where they would not be cursed by either one. He was not disappointed in his sons as none of them became drinking men.

The bravest battle that ever was fought
Shall I tell you where or when?
On the maps of the world you will it not find
It was fought by the mothers of men.
Deep in a woman's walled up heart
Of a woman who would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part
Lo! There is that battle field.
Yet faithful still as a bride of ----
Fight on in her walled up town
Fight on and on in the endless wars
Then silent, unseen goes down.

Antislavery Days

My father, John Sadler Harvey, was an intelligent man with broad-minded principles, thoroughly believing in the God-given principles of equal liberty of thought and speech to all men regardless of nationality or color and he endeavored to carry out those principles. His motto was "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God", and he lived it out.

Whenever there is any great reform needed in the world, there is a great necessity of much agitation on that subject, by talk on that subject, writing and public speaking as well as most fervent prayer for its accomplishment. In these ways father did much and was a leader in speaking on the subjects of intemperance and slavery. And also a writer of marked ability. One of my earliest recollections was

of going with my parents to a meeting one evening. We were living in Jonesboro, Indiana at this time and there was such strong opposition by one class of people to the agitation of either subject and those in favor of using intoxicating liquors and those believing that slavery was right would refer to the Bible as evidence that God sanctioned both, especially they claimed it right as they could find accounts of, believing that God made it so, without considering that satan, the adversary of our souls, is responsible for all the

evil that humanity is heir to. In order to counteract all evil, father was amongst the foremost persons in getting meetings appointed with able public speakers to give their best speeches.

I do not remember whether the meeting referred to above was a temperance meeting or an anti-temperance meeting. I was only four years old at that time, but was wonderfully impressed at the way so

many became excited at what the different speakers said. After many had spoken my father was called for and rose and stood in front of his seat and began speaking. His expressions must have been quite to the mark and in harmony with his staunch ideas of right but contrary for there was much excitement and loud orders from all over the house; "John Harvey set down, set down". But father replied to them, "No, I will not sit down till I make my speach!" And he did not sit down till he said all he wanted to.

Fred Douglas at Jonesboro

It must have been in the year 1859 that John Harvey and other strong antislavery Friends decided to have an Antislavery Convention, an all day meeting, and as the best speaker for afternoon would be Fred Douglas if he could be obtained. By

correspondence he was to come in the forenoon and my parents were to entertain him for dinner. But I had often been told that Fred Douglas was a black man and as the one means of punishment, with some wilfully ignorant parents, told their children if naughty that they would be carried off by a black man. I was sure that Fred Douglas would carry me off. So when he and father entered the house I hid behind my father's chair and cautiously peeped out. To my great surprise he was not a black man, only a light mulatto, and a most open pleasant expression and a kindly modulated

voice. He soon spied me holding out his hand toward me he said "Come to me." I did not go, but he repeated the invitation several times. As a greater inducement, he held out his watch and told me if I would go to him I could hold it in my hand. I went. It was the first gold watch I had seen and he said "I love children. I love little girls." Lifting me to his lap he put the watch in my hands, had me listen to its ticking, and then even opened it up and told me "look at the little wheels." After dinner he and father went to the place of meeting. I did not go. It was late in the evening when they returned. Douglas' speech had caused great excitement and a mob had formed that threatened to injure both if they could get hold of them. Loud shouts and threats could be heard on the streets. It was a dark night and father and Douglas slipped away very quietly down and out the back way, and slowly threaded their

way along Back Creek to an old log cabin near the bank of the Missisinewa River, but some one watched them so closely they were followed and seen to enter the cabin and men stoned the cabin., but fortunately no one was hurt. Sometime between midnight and day father returned and informed us that he had succeeded in betting Douglas taken to Marion safely, in a carriage. But how he accomplished it I never knew. From there he was to go to some other place to speak.

Father was also interested in other lines of work. Was as much interested in education as any one. He was interested in church work, and at the time of his death was Clerk of Northern Quarterly Meeting which has been divided and goes by the name of Marion and Fairmount Quarterly Meetings. And at this time had been for a number of years a prominent church worker. At the time of his death was engaged in a small department store in Jonesboro, Ind.

Early Childhood Recollections

Previous to father buying him a home, we had lived upstairs over the store, perhaps a year. It must have been a memorable year to me, as then a number of events took place that year of much interest.

One thing impressed me deeply was that the first Circus Show came to Grant County passing through Jonesboro to Marion. If my memory is right it was Vanamburgs first summer on the road.

There were a few wild animals. The lions are the only ones I remember. In all there were only 16 wagons carrying all that went with it. The animals were in secure cages and drawn by two horses on a common wagon. The important thing I remember was that the driver of the lion's cage drove to the hitch rack in front of our store and tied his horses and the lions roared several times. I overheard

someone ask the driver why they roared and the driver answered they were hungry as he had failed to get any fresh meat for them that day. The roaring of the lions did not frighten me any more than if it had been the lowing of a cow.

It is said that the roaring of a lion and the lowing of a cow can be heard the farthest of any voice of any animal or human not accepted and believe if I should hear it again would recognize it. It is one of the peculiarities of my memory that I can remember voices or sounds easily.

One other thing I remember was that up to this time there had never been an artist of any kind in Grant Co. Sometime during the summer an artist came to Jonesboro. Do not know where he was from. People, as yet, were not educated to appreciate the value of pictures and the artist had a hart time getting someone to rent him a room where he could work. Afterwhile, father let him have room in our front room at the south end by sewing some sheets together

for a curtain to partition his work off from the other part of the house. This work was called Ambrotype. There were only a few realized the advantages of pictures and some talked against it, saying it was wicked. They did not understand that it is the same as the sun's rays making a shadow. Like the old poet, he was only "catching the shadow, eer the substance failed." A camera and a chair and an old fashioned headrest and a carpetbag with a casket or case which they were all put into for protection. The price was $1.75 each. Only fifty were taken. I believe a few of them are still in existence. They faded after a few years and would become so indistinct that they could not be known what they were. My parents had pictures taken. I cried to have mine but it was throwing money away for a child would change so much in a few years. So, no pleading of mine

or the artists could induce them to have it taken. But he and I had some jolly times together for he tried to pacify me by pretending he was taking it. Sometime after father's death, my grandfather Thomas Harvey took the original picture to Marion and paid an artist who was doing good work and had a picture drawn from it. It was a different kind of work and has never faded in the least and is now over 70 years old (this April 11, 1924.).

Again this memorable year of 1849 gives me another story. As a child I might not remember as correctly as would have been best. If recollected right it was when there was some trouble between U.S. and Mexico and soldiers were asked for in Grant County. Two men enlisted. One name was Morris. There was no railroad to Indianapolis at this time, not even a graveled road, probably not one in the state. So they must go on horseback. There was quite a company of men came

with them as an escort who went part or all the way. At Indianapolis they would be assigned to their company and regiment. Previous to this there had never been any military display and only a small amount this day. The leader of the escort carried a U.S. flag, someone beat a drum and someone else was blowing a fife. This was the first flag I ever saw and the first drum and fife I ever heard, and were the first ever used in Grant County. Both men lived to get home again but one poor man lost his leg in a battle. I do not remember the name of only one man.

Most of the time since I can remember anything of public affairs, Mexico has been in trouble internally or with some of their neighbors externally.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Phil. 4:7

The early making of Grant Co. Indiana

Often it is with much difficulty that the early settlers of a new country or county settle. They soon find it very necessary to have established laws and the necessary means of carrying them out. It is not always the most law abiding citizens that emigrate to a new county, sometimes it is the person who is disrespectful to law. Whether it is the desirable citizen or not it is necessary to form a court. In Grant County, Indiana, it was necessary to hold a few trials before any court was permanently formed. They had no house for that purpose and held the first court in the shade of trees on the banks of the Missisinewa River. In forming a jury it was found that there were not enough men who could leave their homes or from some cause were not eligible or over twenty one years old. John S. Harvey was one who was chosen to sit on the first jury. The first court house was built of logs, consisting of two log buildings of medium size

and were placed about twelve feet apart and the space in between was floored, covered and the outside portions weatherboarded. One of these rooms was used as the offices and the other for holding court. There were only a few people in the County in its beginning. Any person who was eligible was used, though possibly not very well informed on the subject. At one time he taught schools and taught

writing schools. At this time all the pens used were homemade of goose quills. He was said to be an expert at this. It was said he was the only person in the County, in its earliest days, who could take a clock or a watch to pieces and put it together again.

The first court was held in Grant County on the west bank of the Mississinewa River underneath the branches of trees.

Moving from North Carolina to Indiana

Large numbers of people moved to Indiana, perhaps hundreds of them, and more from N. Carolina than any other state. Most of them accomplished this in a farm wagon drawn by two horses. Once in a while there would be a wagon unusually heavily loaded drawn by four horses. Most every wagon carried a tent for use at night and when they arrived at their destination would be used till a cabin could be built for a home.

The distance was called seven hundred miles or more. Everyone of the family who was able to walk was expected to do so. My grandmother Harvey was a frail little woman but she walked, so she said, over half of the way besides having to cook by the roadside for a family of seven whose appetites were sharpened by the pure mountain air they had to travel through. Arriving at Cumberland Gap they were all about tired out, and they made camp with quite a

number of other families who were in their emigrant train. They rested there for two weeks.

Cumberland Gap had long been known as almost impassable and to go through it was a hard, serious task. No team could draw a wagon down its heights. There were two ways of descending. One was to unload the wagon and then tie a big cable to the wagon and the other end around a strong tree, then several hold the rope and ply it out as the wagon went down. Grandfather chose the other instead, that of unloading and taking the wagon to pieces and carrying it down the mountain piece by piece as well as everything they were bringing with them. They were seven weeks on the road! While at Cumberland Gap, they had one bad fright. Awakening in the night they missed my father. Grandfather took the back track and found him one half mile away. Father crossed a creek, cut his foot badly, which wakened him, badly frightened.

Mother's People and History

My mother was Lydia Henley, daughter of Phineas and Mary Bogue Henley, and was born in Randolph County, N. Carolina and moved with her parents to Grant Co. Ind. in company of several other families. Phineas Henley, his father's parents had formerly moved to N. Carolina from Virginia. His people were a brave,

intelligent class of people and as far back as they had any history of the direct line of ancestors they were, many of them noted physicians and surgeons. He had never studied medicine, yet he seemed to have an unusual insight into sickness and rarely ever was mistaken in his opinion of a case. His mother was a noted midwife whose ability was unquestioned. Her name was Keziah Nixon and the Nixons as well as Henleys were a long line of doctors. At one time two of her brothers were the most noted doctors of all N. Carolina, one a noted optician.

Mother's mother was the daughter of John and Lydia White Bogue and was born near Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Her name was Mary

Bogue, but was called Polly by her relatives and friends. Or Polly Henley after her marriage. At a very early date in history both the Bogues and Henleys settled in eastern Virginia. The Henley's were a people strongly developed physically and mentally, taking more than a casual interest in education. One prominent bit of history regarding the Henley's while yet in early Virginia history was two of our ancestors in direct line married Indian women, each one belonging to the Cherokee Tribe, of the same division of tribe as Pocahontas, but I have no names or dates regarding this event. Mary Bogue Henley told me the history of her ancestors. They were amongst that religious group of people in England who seceeded from the Established Church of England and on account of the cruel laws of England regarding any religious views except the

views of the established church they moved as a body to France and were received more favorably and given more freedom. There they were called French Hugonots. Many of the French people united with them, adopting their religious views. Still they were not quite satisfied with the religious freedom allowed them in France and many of them emigrated to America, landing at Jamestown. But even here they were persecuted. Some of them connected themselves with the Friends which were also being persecuted with State Laws. The Bogues were members of Friends and my great grandfather Bogue was a Friend and remained one as long as he lived. He lived in the eastern part of N. Carolina known and highly noted spots in literature as Newby's Bridge, Beard's, Hatter's Shop and Dobson's Cross Roads. It was also within a few miles of Elizabeth City which is quite an old town, and was one time during the Civil War bombarded by northern gun boats lying out in the Sound. Which was a shameful piece of work as there was not any army of the South stationed there. John Bogue was an unusually

public spirited man, and a capable business man, but seemed fated to meet with great misfortunes. Early in life he and two other men formed a shipping company. It was during the time when the French and Spanish pirates roamed the seas and took so many ships and took the cargoes and killed the sailors.

His ship was one that was taken by pirates. I forget whether it was French or Spanish pirates that did it. Whichever one it was, their government promised to pay for the goods and ships taken. One of his partners was named Winslow and the other was Gorden. John Bogue's death left the business in the hands of his company, but they claimed they never could collect anything. At this time ships were not so valuable as now and his one third amounted to $50,000 and all efforts to collect it has been a failure.

During all this time he was owner of a general store near Beard's Hatter's Shop, but he unfortunately went security

for a friend who failed in business and he having to pay it broke him up. Previous to this he had been elected to State Legislature which he served his time out honorably.

The next disastrous event was the death of his wife, Lydia White Bogue. She was confined and the child died and she lived only a short time. He did not live long after her death. His sorrows were too much for him. The wealth of his gone. The security debt took all he had and the last was a death blow to him. There were five children left motherless. The oldest was a son named John Bogue, and four girls, Mary, Elizabeth, Anna and Martha. All were taken by kind relatives and reared to a respectable womanhood. They were happily married and each raised a fine family. Several years ago their decendants numbered 147, of this number, there was not a feeble-minded one, nor blind, nor deaf, nor cripple. Quite a

number of them today are highly educated, are known world-wide, or filling places of honor and trust. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Grandfather Henley's Carolina Home

After Grandfather and grandmother Henley were married they lived in Randolph County N. Carolina on the side of a mountain some distance from any neighbor. It was several miles to the county seat. Grandfather was not so much interested in telling me stories of his early life as I wished. But there was one so peculiar and also one of Nature's freaks I will write it. He said "On one occasion he needed to make a business trip to the county seat which was thirteen miles and must take it on horseback as there was no other means of travel then. He started early in the morning and transacted his business as rapidly as possible and then started on the homeward trip.

Long before he got home the sun had sunk behind the hills. As it was a dark night it was a lonely ride.

The portion of road nearest his home led through a swamp. It was heavily wooded and thickly grown with underbrush, grasses

and weeds. Many trees covered with wild vines. Now it was impossible to see the road. The best thing he could do was to give his horse the rein, for horses can see and keep a road better in thick darkness than a person. His horse did fine in keeping the road but it was a lonesome ride though he felt no fear. There was some kind of a night bird that kept up a scream and the owls hooted. This road was near a creek most of the way but before he could cross the creek he must make a sharp turn, when he came to that his horse made a quick backward spring with a loud snort. There, not far from them, was a horrible sight. Apparently there was a person on fire all over, body, head and limbs. His horse kept on snorting and making great effort to turn and go the opposite direction and would not be forced to go forward. He studied what to do. If it was someone burning it would be inhuman not to give necessary help. Bravely he dismounted and leading

his horse to a sapling securely tied it.

To his surprise and pleasure he found it was not a human but one of Nature's wonderful imitations. He found it the remains of an old tree once uprooted by a storm and had lain there in this damp swamp till now it was just in a state when covered with mold and rapidly decaying condition was forming a gas and the warm temperature ignited the gas and combustion was slowly going on. The roots of the old tree formed the legs, the tree trunk the body,

the branches were placed in a singular position to resemble arms and all covered and burning, apparently with what Physical Geography calls "Fox Fire." Tiny little blazes were darting up, here and there, and he discovered it to be a scene of amazing wonder and beauty to be enjoyed but once in a life time. He was too much delighted to leave it quickly and stood long, looking at it. He went back to his horse and talked to him as he would to an individual. The horse had

watched his mater approach this burning object without receiving any harm, and now he was quieted. Grandfather mounted him, rode up close to it without him making the least resistance. He walked right up to it without the least bit of fear.

He was a man who seemed to have an influence over animals. He was very kind to all animals and was not cruel to them. I have often heard him condemning others for their cruelty. Although he was fond of hunting he never willingly killed a bird. Once after planting his corn, he noticed the birds over the field and he feared they were pulling up the young corn to get the old grain and he shot about twenty of them, then opened their craws but did not find any corn. Their craws were full of worms that were working on the young corn. He said he would never kill another bird. He was a successful sportsman. His eyesight was unusually good even after he was sixty years old he could see to shoot a squirrel in a tree top sixty or seventy feet from the ground. He seldom ever failed to bring it down.

Religious Life of Our Ancestors

In writing of our ancestors I have not spoken much about it, only the Hugonots, intending to write an article of that to itself.

From what I have been able to learn, the ancient members of my people on both my mother's and father's people, were amongst the charter or early Friends and their decendants still are members, at least a few are. They never were a people who cared for or sought after political offices, nor a war record. And only a few ever held even Township offices. None were ever military men. Though some few of the later decendants were in the Civil War and the World War. They were regular attendants at the usual meetings and were honest and consistent members and highly respected citizens. Which should be a good inducement to the later generation.

Friend's Marriage Ceremony

Amongst what has been considered a peculiar custom amongst Friends in the formation of a new church organization was a ceremony of their own, different from the civil or church ceremony in vogue at the time when the charter members were forming a diciplen. The Church of England and the English laws were so unnecessarily binding and tedious that it was a great burden to those intending marriage. They believed that a simple ceremony performed before a company and at a regular meeting was sufficiently binding. This was

practiced till about 1860 when it began to wane and now, 1924, it is seldom used. By some it is believed to be a fine antidote against divorce as there were never very many divorced who married by that method. "Friends, in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly, I take ----- to be my wife, and with divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband till death depart us," was the ceremony publicly given by the parties.

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An Incident at Cumberland Gap

It was while my grandparents were on their journey to Indiana and were resting there that they were very much frightened one night. Someone awakened and discovered that John was not there, so grandfather called and called, but could get no answer and then started on the back track. After walking a halfmile he found him sitting on the bank of a creek and crying. He was subject to periods of nervousness and would leave his bed and wander out of the house. This time he had, it is supposed, started back to his old home. In wading the creek he had cut his foot a terrible gash in the bottom of the foot on a sharp stone which was bleeding profusely and very painful. It served to awaken him. When he realized how wounded he was and not knowing where he was, alone and in the dark, he was terribly frightened. Grandfather slept in front of the tent door after that night.

John Sadler's experience with a Snake

In the previous page I have mentioned his being, as a child, subject to periods of nervousness which troubled him at night. As he grew older, he outgrew it, and developed into a strong man and seemed capable of great endurance, but as he was of a highly ambitious nature he might not have been as strong physically as he seemed, as he died at the early age of twenty six with some sort of brain trouble. They would tell me of his bravery and self-control and what a wonderful thing he did at one time. At one time he was plowing alone in a field some distance from the house, becoming thirsty he tied his team to the fence and went to the house. Returning he climbed the fence, made a motion to jump to the ground and saw a large rattlesnake coiled just beneath him. He had not seen it till too late and landed right on the snake, which gave him a deep bite in the calf of his leg. Instantly he took off his suspender and bandaged his leg

above the bite, took his sharp pocket knife and cut out all the flesh around the bite, and then killed the snake.

One time the only sure remedy was to give the patient enough whiskey to make them drunk but his experience was before the whiskey was a known remedy. He was treated by his parents knowing many old "women remedies" which they applied and they were effective. He never experienced any trouble from it. At one time he studied medicine but never went to any medical college, but was an efficient nurse in his own family and neighborhood.

John Sadler Harvey kills a Lynx

He had three brothers, but none of them took an interest in hunting, but he often went alone into the woods and hunted. Once he started on the old Indian Trail that runs west from Grant County to Miami County. When about two miles from home, he looked up and saw on a branch a few feet ahead of him, a lynx crouched on a large branch of a tree, and also low down and was eyeing him ready to spring as soon as he came within reach. He shot it. He went no farther. Swinging its tail over his shoulder he started for home. It was so large its feet drug the ground and he was a tall man.

At one time the U.S. Government donated the land of what is now Miami County to the tribe of Miami Indians as a hunting ground. It was too swampy to be good farming land and many white men went there to hun. My grandfather, with two other men, went there and they succeeded in killing a fat bear. I recollect eating some of the meat. Grandmother made soap out of the fat.

Early Indiana

To one who has never been into a swamp or a jungle it would be an impossibility to write a comprehensive description of what was meant when people called Indiana a "Howling Wilderness". In one sense it was all of that, as its forest and the hiding places in the hills were thickly populated with wild animals. The panthers would scream when hungry. The bears growled. The fox would make night hideous with their incessant barking. The squirrels, when disturbed, went to their retreat in a hollow tree and saucily peeped at one. The wolves howled, scaring all feebler animals to a retreat. Neither day or night were silent. The crows kept cawing and the ravens called and occasionally an eagle was heard to give a horrible scream, frightening all other birds, and warning them that there was safety only in distance. Underfoot the rattlesnake hissed to warn intruders of his power of defense. And in pools of water the frongs kept up aperpetual din while

the little tree frongs, not to be outdone by their bigger cousins, kept prophesying, they say, of the weather. In the Spring of the year there were so many birds and such a great number that their singing in the woods were something wonderful. When as a child, on my way to school on a spring morning, I would be charmed by the hundreds of birds singing and would stand and loiter along, far more interested in them than in any books and was often tardy.

They are at a loss for building sites and materials and water fowls must seek our northern lake country.

This poem composed by John G. Whittier on the death of his friend Wm. Gates.

"Know ye not that in Israel
A prince has fallen today?
A good man from the ---- to come
In mercy called away."

The Necessary Destruction of Timber

What is now valuable timber, at one time had to be ruthlessly destroyed in order to build homes. Though the first home was often a tent for weeks as one neighbor and another would lend a helping hand to a newcomer and build a log cabin. Often it was less than twenty feet square till there could be some addition built and then there must be land cleared so as to grow corn and vegetables as soon as possible and in doing that often the most valuable of timber was sacrificed. The walnuts and poplars which today are most as costly as mahogany were destroyed along with all other kinds. I have seen it when first a log of poplar or walnut was split, it would be so hard and pure it would sparkle as if sprinkled with diamond dust. The Birds-eye Maple was the most valuable and very scarce. It was highly prized for furniture. No doubt the hard labor necessary to clear away the forest, shortened the life of many men and women.

Indiana's Lap Held Great Riches

While the early settlers had so much hard labor to perform in clearing his field of the timbers, yet this same timber could be utilized into most of the home making. Today people are very mesanical and are inventing many useful things, mostly of metals or metals combined with wood. In these early days they were equally as ingenious in producing almost all the necessary tools and utensils used in a home or on the farm. In clearing the land, timber used for all the buildings, rail were split from the logs and sometimes shingles split for roofing, long slender saplings were stripped of the bark and used as clothes lines. Often split sticks were used with clay to build chimneys. A large log was sometimes hollowed out as a trough and placed beneath the eaves of the house to catch rain water, as they could not have cisterns in those days. The bed steads were hand made as were the bread bowls and basins and mush paddles and many other useful articles. An ingenious man could weave baskets from the supple slender twings of the willow which

was so abundant in marshy places, or could make a strong heavy basket of ash splints by beating the strips of ash wood or could weave the chair bottoms from the same. Hickory switches were largely used instead of ropes for short lengths. Someone said "There are not many things that Tommy Harvey cannot make with an ax and a hickory switch."

Greens

Perhaps the first thing that Nature produced in the Spring to help the housekeeper to enlarge her table was the greens, which could be gathered from the abundant plants that grew early and quickly. These boiled with a good ham joint and served with horseradish were a delightful dish.

"A man's gift maketh room for him and bringeth him before great men." Prov. 10:16.

A Free Meat Market

Any man who owned a gun and was a sure shot could almost provide enough meat for his family by hunting. And this was largely done during the winter season when there was not much work needed on the farm. And it is sorry to tell that some men neglected home duties for the pleasure of hunting.

There were always plenty of squirrels to be killed and there were deers occasionally come within reach, and once in a great while a bear would venture into a white settlement.

I can remember of seeing the deers in the woods which would come within sight of our house and once at school, at Back Creek north of Fairmount, when I was about seven years old I saw a drove of four full grown deer come from the west out of a large forest, cross the creek, run down south to the Galatia and Oak Ridge road and go east. They were the last wild deer I have seen. Nature's free provision almost kept some destitute families from sufferings of

Wild Turkeys Also Helped

The wild turkeys were plentiful in some sections but were shy and hard to take. They usually had a certain tree to roost in and sometimes could be trapped by building a rail pen covering it over and dig a ditch about eighteen inches wide and twelve inches deep to extend under the fence and running into the pen. Then strewing shelled corn in the ditch, they will pick it up and crawl under the fence to keep on eating when once in they never try crawling out but want to fly upwards which is their nature when disturbed is to fly into a tree top for safety.

Whenever anyone told me a story about my parents I was interested enough to remember it. They were married according to Friend's solemn ceremony at Friend's Meeting.House at Back Creek, two miles north of Fairmount. My father's best man was Joseph Day of Jonesboro and he told me that the morning of the marriage, grandfather Henley took down

his gun and went to the woods but soon returning with a fat wild turkey. There were hurried preparations made to cook it. And it was ready for a late wedding dinner. An unexpected luxury.

There was a time once when it was a usual sight to see wild geese and wild ducks and pigeons. In the Spring they were winging their way north and up into Canada or farther into British America to nest. Again in the Fall they flew southward to some southern coast to winter in a warmer climate. To one who never saw them it is almost unbelievable what large numbers there must have been.

Sometimes one flock would be an hour or more in passing and often they were flying so close together the sun was almost hid. The leader that was a little ahead of the rest would keep saying "conk conk" which would be answered by some one in the back "conk conk", some in the right edge of the flock and some on the opposite side, some in the middle and it was instantly kept up. The inveterate hunters have pushed into the far north and not so many

of them that it looks as though it will not be long, till they, like the pigeons, will be extinct.

Indiana Produced Much Natural Sweetness

The first settlers of Indiana were largely provided for in the way of sweetness by the natural productions. Perhaps the first product of this kind was honey made by wild bees, which seemed to be plentiful. There was no lack of honey producing plants. From the earliest blooming shrub till forst in Autumn blooms there was something the bees could visit and find nectar to carry home. The bee tree was usually a large old tree, hollow from the ground up well into the top and the bees would find a hole where it could enter into the center and would build the comb onto the walls. It would be necessary to fell the tree and often it would break up so badly that the honey would be so mixed with rotten wood and wood dust as to be useless. In some cases it was necessary to throw

away a large portion of it, especially if there were many young bees, or much "bee bread". Wild bees were considered more ferocious and harder to manage than the bees now to be found in our apsarys. In order to obtain the honey the bees were killed by burning sulphur near the place where they entered the tree. Sometimes they obtained a good quantity getting a wash tub full. If much of it was injured by rotten wood or young bees, it was cleaned and water put to it and boiled, then strained and was used as a syrup. The honeycomb was converted into beeswax, which was a useful article in the home and was saleable.

"Oh a word is a gem or a stone or a song
Or a flame or a two-edged sword,
Or a rose in bloom or a sweet perfume
Or a drop of gall is a word.

You may hammer away on the anvil of thought
And fashion your word with care.
But, unless you are stirred to the depths
It will die on empty air.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

I Would Dare to Be:

"I would be true for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave for there is much to dare.

I would be friend to all the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up and love and laugh and lift."

Friend after friend departs!
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

Two War Letters

The following is a letter received from Elisha Elliott during the Civil War. He was a member of Company C. regiment of Indiana Volunteers and was with the army till mortally wounded at Pleasant Hill in an engagement in which many were killed and wounded in both armies. The campaign up Red River had been conducted by Gen. Bragg and was in a position to the advice of higher officers, but he was obstinate and marched the Union Troops to their death, which did not avail anything as there was no necessity, just then, of such an engagement. Nothing worth while was gained for either side and so many lives lost. Those men who survived were discouraged and disgusted at such a waste of human life and the sufferings of the wounded. A military man's thought is his own worldly glory, but the men under him lost every grain of respect for him. They reported that soon after this fatal battle that Gen. Bragg called a review of the men who were left and had them

drawn up in line. The officers who were of lower rank than he, rode down the line first, many of them were men who were well respected and had the love of all, and they cheered them lustily, but when Bragg started there was a groan begun nearest the end to him and it moved along the line as he advanced and never a cheer went up. In this battle three of the boys lost their lives that I was well acquainted with and one went into hospital before reaching the place of attact and died. His name was Daniel Hill. He was buried there. The others were William Newby and Elisha Elliott.

Wm. Newby was killed instantly by a ball going through his heart. Elisha Elliott was wounded three times in close succession. The one ball that did the most hurt came into his back, passed through his body. It was a mystery that a ball could wound him from behind when the enemy was directly in front. He was wounded on the 9th day of April 1864 and lived till the 21st.

The Union Army was defeated.

82.

I have in my possession at this time, two letters written me by Elisha Elliott. One is dated Fort Pickering, Memphis, Tenn., January 10, 1863, which gives an account of a trip from his home near Marion, Ind. to his regiment which was stationed at Fork Pickering, Tenn. He had been detained at home on account of TyphoidFever.

The other one was of a year's later date, being dated at Memphis, Tenn. Jan. 22, 1864.

Dear Angelina

Again after a long delay, I now resume the pleasant duty of addressing thee a few lines, not knowing when the privalidge will be offered again. It is well understood that we leave here next Sabbath for below to what place we do not know what place will be our destination. I am not informed only that we go to Vicksburg. Some conjecture we will go to Texas while others think we will go down on the other side of the Mississippi to operate on Miss and Ala. The last supposition

I am led to believe if that is our destination we will go on to Vicksburg on the boat, from there out to Jackson then I know not what, only it is believed we will go and capture Mobile and yet in the rear of Braggs army and force him away or destroy his army.

Our brigade was reviewed day before yesterday by Major General Hunter. The day was warm and the ground thawed about three or four inches deep and it was very tiresome to march with all of our accounterments on, having to go about a mile and then wait about two hours before Hunter came and march in review afterwards. By the time we got back to camp we were pretty tired and when I got rested I had the ague and have felt pretty bad ever since. My head has ached slightly ever since, nearly all the time since and again last evening I had another slight chill but it did not terminate with any

thing else today. I feel like it soon will be over and I will be ready for any emergency that mayhappen.

Wherever we go some of our boys will be apt to fall. Where we go, several that we take along, will in all probability, never return. Some may be taken by disease. Others may find a grave on the battlefield and I may be one of them. I may be one of the number who will find a southern grave. If that should be my fate I trust that I may be prepared to meet my God. I hope that I may be protected by the Allwise Power that rules all things and that my life may be spared that I may return when war and devastation are over and peace with all of its pleasures will smile upon the land.

My life is in the care of my Maker and whatever is His will I cheerfully submit. I shall hope for the best in all cases and whatever hardships and trials we go through I shall try to make as pleasant as possible.

We have been here at Memphis so long it seems

like home and Ishall regret leaving and I shall regret leaving here almost as much as when I left home. Everything here has become familiar. Never will I expect to see as good a time after this as we have had here. Active service and long marches are the order now and when we get to stay at a place a month or two we will think we are doing fine. Along with this letter thee will find a poem on the death of Thomas Wilson. Whether they are appropriate and suitable I will leave for thee to judge. I do not suspect I should ever of tried to write any poetry about it only you requested it. True, I had thought of it but had thought I could not do it justice and I would not try.

Wherever we go I will drop a few lines to let thee know occasionally if the chance is afforeded though it will take longer to be send through than now. I will try and write one so that one can get through every two or three weeks.

Thy Sincere Friend,

Elisha Elliott

Decoration Day Poem

In the foregoing article you may notice the names of Thomas Wilson and Jane Rush mentioned and also refers to Thomas Wilson's death and a poem Elisha Elliott wrote in regard to it which he sent to me. I gave the poem to Jane Rush and never copied,it, which I now regret. Elisha Elliott frequently wrote excellent poems. Thomas Wilson and Jane Rush were betrothed soon after he enlisted in Company C Indiana Volunteers and died at Memphis, Tenn. in the fall of 1863, if I remember rightly. Jane Rush was a frail, delicate girl and the shock was too great for her great, loving heart to survive. She soon became sick, painfully lingered along a little over a year and died and was buried beside him in Back Creek graveyard where his father had laid him to rest after bringing him home.

While standing beside their graves the following lines came to my mind on Decoration Day:

"Again we come this sad, sweet day
With our rarest gift of flowers
While you peacefully play on your golden harps."
In Edem's fragrant bowers.

Long you have lain here side by side
Together you sweetly sleep
But far away on a tropical shore
Lies one for whom I weep.

He lies where the water snake glides through the ooze
And the crocidile crushes the tangled reeds
The mocking bird warbles his varied trill
But nothing my lover heeds.

The sea wind grieves through the cypress trees
The whipporwill complains to the owl overhead.
The long Spanish moss sways out in the breeze,
But nothing disturbs my dead.

Hang low, sweep near, Oh rail grey moss
Adorn, caress his grave for me.
For no costly marble decks his tomb,
For unhallowed eyes to see!

88.

Sleep on dear one in thy unmarked grave,
While the years of my life speed away.
Trusting we will meet on the golden shore
And praise God through an endless Day.

Stand thou and wait on the very brink
Of Life's Eternal Sea,
And watch across the waters dark,
While the boatman comes with me.

Almost I hear the measured rhythm
Of the boatman's majestic oar
For I'll be leaving the sea and clear the bar
To praise God forevermore."

Written at Fairmount 1865 Decoration Day

The following is a poem written by Anna Freeman Garretson adressed to her adopted sister, Lenna Kelsey. Lenna Kelsey was an orphan girl and unusually beautiful and talented and Anna owned a home but alone and lonesome, so she gave Lenna a home with her. Lenna's life came to a sudden and sad end as by an accident while coasting in the winter time at Battle Creek, Michigan. This poem was written previous to her death.

A Birthday Message

To each one is given a circlet
Golden from God's own hand;
We choose the gem for the setting,
To form a wonderful strand.

Each birthday we set a new jewel
We make it of whatever kind
Set it of glass or diamond
We choose in our necklace to bind.

God's box always is open
There are gems of every class
We may choose the ruby or sapphire
Or shall it be only glass?

The circlet of gold is a life line
The gems are the years to be
God fastens the clasp when tis finished
For all Eternity.

Anna Freeman Garretson

The copy of a marriage certificate of 1786.

The customs and civil laws in regard to marriage have wonderfully changed since 1786. And to us of this day they seem very unnecessary and almost cruel. In the early history of England we find the civil laws very strict and were much more favourable to men than women and men make laws and make them favorable to themselves. So their laws made it obligatory to all persons contemplating marriage to publish it three months before the ceremony should be performed and they must have the consent of the civil courts and the consent of the church of which they were members. And at this time all persons must be members of some church and whether a member or not had to pay a heavy tax for the support of the church of England. So each different denomination instituted what they considered appropriate and in accordance with God's will. It was a tedious ttansaction and more so if one wished a divorce.

The following certificate of marriage was recorded in Friends Book of Records of Center Monthly Meeting on page 58 by Benjamin Coffin.

Jesse Harvey, son of Michael and Elizabeth Harvey, his wife, was born 21 day of 12 month 1762.

Keziah Harvey, wife of Jesse Harvey, was born 18th day of 10th month 1760.

Whereas Jesse Harvey, son of Michael Harvey and Elizabeth Harvey of Randolph County, North Carolina, and Kiziah Ward, daughter of Timothy and Susanah Ward, his wife, of said County and Province aforesaid, having declared their intentions of taking each other before several meetings of the people called Quakers in the County of Guilford according to the good order used among them.

Whose proceedings therein, after a deliberate consideration thereof, with regard unto the righteous laws of God and example of his people recorded in the scriptures of truth in this case were approved of in this case, they appearing to be clear of all others, and also

having consent of parties concerned.

Now these are to certify all whom it may concern for the accomplishment of their said intentions this the 24 day of 5 month in the year of One thousand seven hundred and eighty six. Then the said Jesse Harvey and Keziah Ward appeared in a public assembly of the aforesaid of the aforesaid people and others met together to worship God in their public meeting place at Back Creek and in a solemn manner. He, the said Jesse Harvey taking the said Keziah Ward by the hand declared as followeth: "Friends, you are my witnesses that I take my friend Keziah Ward to be my wife promising through divine assistance to be to her a ture and loving husband

untill Death separate us" or words to that effect. And then and there in the said assembly the said Keziah Ward did in like manner declare as followeth: "Friends you are my witnesses that I take my friend Jesse Harvey to be my husband promising to be unto him a true and loving wife untill death separates us." or words to that effect. And then the said Jesse Harvey and Keziah

as a further confirmation of did then and there to these present set their hands We whose names are hereunto subscribed in manner aforesaid as witnesses thereto have also to these present subscribed our names the day and year above written.

Jesse Harvey	Elizabeth Fentiss
Keziah Harvey	Grace Williams
Michael Harvey	Thomas Winslow
Timothy Ward	Caroline Winslow
Mariam Henley	Jesse Henley
William Newby	Ann Newby
Elizabeth Newby	Elizabeth Newby

Also these were fourteen other names which I did not transfer as I did not think it necessary as the number above showed their willingness to be witnesses to the marriage of my greatgrandfather and great grandmother. During my childhood I saw many marriage ceremonies performed according to the plans of the Quaker method but it is almost entirely fallen into disuse, 1924.

With all the history we have and all the events of our ancient ancestry we have but a meagre account of our Harvey ancestors. The first we can find out about them was that one Michael Harvey came to America from England sometime in the fore part of the 17th century and no account of what he was. Neither do we even know his wife's name and have no account of his family or ancestors. He had a family of children, five sons. His son, Michael Harvey, Jr. was our progenator. He married Elizabeth Chaney. They had a family of four children. The oldest was Frances. In the records of Randolph County, North Carolina, the eighteenth deed recorded was to Frances Chaney for 400 acres of land. Afterward he deeded 100 acres to his grandson, John Alford, for love and good will. Michael Harvey, Jr. was of English descent and Elizabeth his wife of Irish decent (read story on page 4).

Michael and Elizabeth Chaney Harvey had a family of ten children, four sons and six daughters. The oldest child was Jesse Harvey, our progenator, was married May 24, 1786.

Their family consisted of seven children, but only one son Thomas Harvey was born in their old home where his parents had first settled in Randolph County, North Carolina, on the Betty Magee Creek. Born Dec. 13, 1795, he died Feb. 3, 1868. He was married sometime in the latter part of 1815 to Anna Sadler, daughter of Henry and Mary Scarboroh Sadler. She was born Sep. 22, 1793, died Sept. 21, 1876, aged 83 years. They had a family of five sons and one daughter.

Their third son was John Sadler Harvey, the father of the writer, Angelina Harvey Pearson, and the only child of this marriage. The following records are of my family:

John Sadler Harvey was the son of Thomas and Anna Sadler Harvey was born Feb. 2, 1821.

Lydia Henley Harvey was born July 21st 1827, daughter of Phineas and Mary Bogue Henley.

John S. Harvey and Lydia Henley Harvey were married Nov. 23, 1843.

Lydia Henley Harvey died July 28, 1845, the wife of John Sadler Harvey.

John Sadler Harvey died Aug. 1850.

Courtship

We often hear it said "Human nature does not change" but we see that environment and many other circumstances make it appear to change which do not hinder it from manifesting itself. After God had created Adam God siad "It is not good for man to be alone" and so he created woman as a helpmeet for him and they shall be one". There seems to be a latent principle born with every normal child which develops in the heart to find a companion, which rightly fostered continues throughout life. The laws and customs governing courtship and marriage vary greatly in different nations. In most nations these are so regulated as to be of much more benefit to the man than woman. The fathers having the adjustments of the marriage contracts, a girl for so many sheep or so much money. As far back as I can remember there have not been many changesonly as a better education has given a broader view and a greater polish to our young

people and they have adjusted themselves to more refined conditions. I well remember when it first became a common thing to introduce strangers to each other whether they had ever heard of each other or not and also when it became a common plan for a young lady to take a gentleman's hat and overcoat. Previous to that a stranger coming in was given a chair and treated as an old acquaintance. If he had come on purpose to visit a young lady of the family, some friend had contributed slight aid by making a date for their meeting. In the early settlement of Grant County, Indiana, where I was born and raised, there were many community gatherings which contributed to their speedy acquaintance; such as Log Rollings where men of all ages gathered to assist a neighbor roll and burn the timber and get a few acres ready for a field. At such time, the woman probably would invite women, old and young, to come this same day and quilt or pick wool. At this time of my life housewives made their own bedding and assisted each other as the med did. At such times, when evening came, the young people would stay and have a party. There

were also other sources of entertainment. In the Fallthere would be apple parings, when fruit became plentiful and no one then knew anything of canning but they would dry large quantities for winter use. Many farmers had large groves of maple trees or if scattered they were "tapped" and in many homes there would be but little sugar or syrup used only what they made by boiling the maple sap. At this

time commercial sugar was much more expensive than now. The method then used was to do the boiling out in the grove and used large iron kettles. I do not remember how many gallons of sap it took to make a gallon syrup or a poiund of sugar. When the sap has boiled till thick enough to make a hard ball dropped into cold water it is in fine condition to eat, and now a party of young people often spend happy evenings in the "Sugar Camp" each with a spoon and bowl of water. They sometimes let it partially cool and had a "taffy pulling". Here many life-long love matches were formed over the sweetest refreshment known to happy young Americans.

The young folks also had many other

means of entertainment. One pleasant method was the meeting of young people at Quarterly Meeting time, which was held every three months. Most of the young people I knew were birthright members of Friends and as they did not have many outside attractions they attended Quarterly Meeting on Saturday and visited Saturday night with some of their friends and often meeting other young people who had been strangers before and many new attachments thus took place. Nearly every one ended in a marriage, ending by the old Quaker ceremony. And right here is a suitable place to say I saw a large number of marriages performed by this method and have not known but two divorces of persons thus married and the union of such persons has usually been a happy one throughout life.

Besides the "sugaring off" entertainment, I have spoken of, there were many other means of promoting sociability. Sleigh riding in winter time. When this country was heavily timbered that the coming of winter brought on deep snows which sometimes lay on the ground for three months, most generally melted off by warm weather

and heavy rains which not only melted the snow but thawed the ground which had been frozen for weeks and made roads so deep in mud as to be impassable which caused a great inconvenience to the farmers who lived on a farm, probably several miles from a grist mill. At this time the unground grain had to be taken to the mill in sacks holding usually about two bushels. I have seen two farmers help each other by taking their wagons apart and use only the front wheels and each furnish a team and drive through deep mud to the nearest mill with their grain. Once home the meal must be sifted as this sifting was not till a much later day.

Usually the sleighing parties consisted of as large number as could easily occupy a farm wagon bed, prepared by filling it about half full of straw and put onto a big log sled runners and with a number of comforts and buffalo robes as covers go to some "spelling school" or revival meeting. Sometimes if the road had been much used it would become so icy as to bedangerous and on a slanting hillside would slide sideways and upset spilling

all its load into a snow drift. Such things as the horses running away and upsetting of the sled was a welcomed thrill. I never saw any serious trouble. Before buggies became plentiful, horse back riding was a delightful pastime. It was expected that a young lady should be as skillful inthe control and management of her horse as her escort. She must be brave enough to ride through mud and deep water or notjump off itif it shied at a pig or took the bits in its teeth and give a big run, she must sit that saddle and laugh at any little accident or she was not thought to be much of a horsewoman. Some accomplished writer has said that the most beautiful sight one ever looks at is a handsome young man and a beautiful young woman riding gracefully on a spirited horse!

The most of opposition brought to bear on the intended young people was by the fathers of the girls and generally because of the efficiency and helpfulness of the daughter in the home. One case I well remember was on account of the mother being an invalid for years, and had no hope of ever being better. The oldest daughter had faithfully carried on the household without any expense to her tight-wad father who forbid her

sweetheart coming to the house. It was necessary for them to marry secretly if at all. So they planned it all without the knowledge of the family. They must have had an able confederate.

One night after the family had all retired, the young man hitched his horse some distance from the house, went to the barn, carried the ladder to the house and placed it at his sweetheart's window. She climbed down the ladder and they drove to a minister's residence, who had been notified before, and they were married and then went to their own home. It was said that her father fumed and fretted a great deal about the extra cost of a cook and housekeeper. The younger sister was not yet capable of doing all there was for her to do on a large farm.

I have been much pleased with the change that has come over the conduct of young people of today, compared with that of my childhood. I attribute it to great efforts and opportunity of young people's meeting with persons who has had better opportunities than we had and then the present east of having access to public libraries and the cheapness of good books and the still greater

advantages of an education which they may avail themselves of, which to a greater extent depends on themselves. There are not so many rude, practical jokes played now as then. Our Colleges and higher schools of learning are doing much to curb this rashness and rudeness of our young, rowdy young men. I knew of some jokes played during the courtship of a few young folks, which would be positively frowned down now. When a little girl, one transpired near my home. The young woman was named Orsborn. She had lost

her mother when only thirteen years old and did the housework for her father and two older brothers and succeeded remarkably well. When she was about nineteen years old a young man named McHatten fell in love with her and wanted to visit her at her home, but her father would have none of it. He ordered McHatten to stay away from their home. He obeyed but carried on his courtship regardless of such orders. At the same time there was another man who defied orders and would go to the house anytime whenever he took a notion although Miss Orsborn never

gave him an encouraging word and that she cared nothing for him but he persisted. I suppose he believed that faint heart never won fair lady. He knew that McHatten was her choice. Her friend, too, became annoyed and they made some plan to help her rid herself of him. They decided to have a party at her home one night. Several were invited under a promise that they would not invite McHatten. Mr. Orsborn consented to let them have a party in the kitchen. The boys must all wear their hats and the girls their bonnets. Of course McHatten was there but had disguised himself in Miss Orsborn's dress; which Spencer thought it her and she was his especial company for the evening. The lights were all turned quite low and all was very quite, all in a whisper as old Mr. Orsborn would not stand any noise. Miss Orsborn was rather large and Mr. McHatten was rather small and Miss Orsborn's clothes just fit him. Mr. Spencer spent a very happy evening and never discovered the deception till the boys told him on his way home that night.

She was never bothered by his attentions after that. When Mr. McHatten got into favorable circumstances he furnished a suitable home and they quietly slipped away and were married. It was very unpleasant for her father to live alone, neither would he take his daughter's advise and marry some good woman, but he forgave them and insisted she should come home and bring her husband. They prospered. He was a good writing teacher and school teacher. She tenderly cared for her father in his old age. He died at the advanced age of 96 years. During the last six years of his life he so completely lost his mind that he couldn't recognize one of his children.

My Flower Garden

My earliest recollection of a flower garden was a tiny one belonging to an aunt of mine. It was only a few feet of earth, fenced in with fence rails, only their length in breadth and length and every inch cultivated with old fashioned pink johnny jump ups and Balsams. It was a beauty and a great pleasure to me to climb up the rails to be able to see over. My intense love of flowers never was satisfied till I had a garden of my own, but mine was much larger than her first one. Years after she had larger flower gardens. As there was a neglected spot in one corner of our back yard, often allowed to be a dumping spot for trash, and allowed to grow up in cherry tree sprouts and weeds. I decided it would be much more sightly if converted into a flower garden and had it

fenced with high wire fencing and thoroughly cleaned up, then set in hardy bulbs and perennials numbering nearly one hundred different kinds. For size it was about forty feet by fifty feet but large enough to hold

enough plants to keep me busy tending them and furnished enough flowers to give liberally to others. Mary Allen Dillon, a very dear cousin of mine, was equally fond of flowers and was at this time a student in the Medical College of Cincinnati, but deprived of flowers by city circumstances, I offered to send her quite a quantity of my early blooming bulbs, which she acknowledged in the following letter: Cincinnati, April 21, 1918. Thanks for the flowers. The whole room smells springy. It has been raining and the odor of green things from outside comes in. Then the daffodils on my dresser perfume the whole room with their sweet pungent odor. They surely are beautiful, especially the big double ones and the yellow and white ones with their cupped petals resemble roses. The purple hyacinths add the touch necessary to set off the boquet and the grape hyacinths are, I think, the dearest of them all. Grape hyacinths are so much a part of the ground itself and belong to spring so naturally they always remind me of baby things; baby rabbits, baby field mice. These flowers are

certainly as dainty as Spring itself and beautiful as the flowers in the thought of being remembered by the people at home. I can see your garden now as it used to be when I was a youngster and walked slowly through it so as not to miss sight of anything. There were always short things growing in the center, sweet old fashioned pinks then in two beds by the north walk were the dignified stalks of Canterberry bells. Perhaps of their shape, but rather I think because of their name they were my favorites. There were always such wonderful things to be imagined about Canterberry bells. Whole towns could be populated from the dream people they call up. And if ever I should go to Canterbery and not find canterberry bells growing just as they did in your garden, I should be distinctively disappointed.

Around the outside of the walkway the taller flowers grew and by the high wire fence were the evening primroses that always

carried with them the mystery of the rise of a new moon on a summer's evening. There were pansies on the slope of ground at the foot of the warm house and over its grey cross boarded walls vines clambered and ran riot over the roof. I do not remember what the vines were, nor many of the flowers, but there was a peculiar spicy fragrance associated with that garden, neither do I forget iris, bleeding heart and the pure white lily that never failed to bloom in their season.

Wherever I may be, I hope I may always be in someplace where there is room for at least a small garden. One can express themself there as in no other place.

Yours with love,

Mary Allen Dillon

The following poem was written by James Maple, a Congregational or Christian Church minister, who occupied a pulpit of one of the largest churches of Marion. Sorry I do not know the date of their marriage. I copy it in this book as it as a poem seems like a prophesy of the happy and the quiet prosperous life they lived.

Married

Alpheus Henley M.D. to Louisa Baldwin.

I saw two clouds at morning
Tinged with the rising sun
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one
I thought that morning cloud was blest
It moved so sweetly toward the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting
And join their course, with silent force
In peace each other greeting
Calm was their course.

Through banks of green
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion
Till life's last pulse shall beat
Like summer beam and Summer's stream
Float in joy to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease
And purer sky where all is peace.

Rev. James Maple performed the marriage ceremony at the residence of the bride's parents near Marion, Grant County, Indiana, Joseph and Jane Baldwin.

Copied January 30, 1924.

What is Health?

At one time the above question was asked in the Indianapolis Star and Dr. J. N. Hurty in reply submitted the following definition which was given to the Public Health Association of America. He was health commissioner of Kansas for fifteen years.

Dr. S. J. Crumbine gave this definition of health: Health is a state of physical, mental and moral equilibrium, a normal functioning of mind, body and soul. It is the state when good work is a pleasure, when the world looks good and beautiful and the battle of life seems worth while. Health is the antithesis of disease, degeneracy and crime. The laws of health are as inexorable as the laws of gravitation, as exacting as eternal justice, as relentless as the hand of fate, and their violation is the beginning of all disease and sin.

Health is the most desired of all earthly blessings. When once lost it cannot be repurchased by all the millions of the world,

nor restored by the science of medicine or returned by religion and prayer.

Health is that state of happiness, faith and love, whose ideal is Christ.

A Successful Marriage

"Human nature does not change" is a sentence often quoted whether it does or does not when we watch those with whom we get acquainted and get into an understanding of the innermost motives of the heart we compare human nature of today with human nature of long ago was and we conclude the greatest difference is owing to environment, circumstances, heredity, or the cultivation of disposition.

One of the many different topics often spoken of as being changed is the large number of divorces, or of separations between husbands and wives. The attractions of male and female for

each other is surely about the same everyone will admit, but we also admit that on account of one of the party not being willing or incapable of adjusting him or herself to circumstances, it results in divorce. My opportunity to observe the outcome of the development of many different characters and whether they were happy in their married life or not, and of all who I knew there were but few divorces, and generally they had but few family troubles. There was one that stood out far more prominently than others. It was the history of married life by one of my dearest friends. She said at one time; "We were married nineteen years ago last March in all these years my husband never has spoken a harsh, unkind word to me, nor answered me in an unkind harsh voice. I have always tried to be reasonable in my requests

of him, and he has never denied me anything. Financially they were very poor. After marrying he rented a farm and they commenced home making in

a log cabin with only the bare necessary things to live with. But she never complained a word, but cheerfully accepted the conditions and worked to help conditions and in a few years they had become comfortably fixed in their home - all their own and three happy, intelligent children.

She also told me of one other feature of this marriage which surprises me as very unusual. She said; "I have always been surprised that he ever wanted me, for I was not so beautiful as most of the girls. I was so low and heavy and was more awkward than graceful. I was not educated beyond the sixth grade, was not a society favorite, and had no wealth coming so that could not be an inducement but as a husband he has proved himself a priceless jewel!"

Miss Mary Russel's Courtship

About the year 1860 there lived a family by the name of Russel, about a mile south of Jonesboro on the pike running to Fairmount. They were farmers and were honorable and highly respected family. They were members of the Presbyterian Church and they were rather exclusive and believed in associating with exclusive people. Mrs. Russel was the second wife of Mr. Russel who had a young daughter who was unusually beautiful and Mrs. Russel's highest ambition seemed to be to keep Mary well under her control and did all in her power to have her be very popular. Also she had in the home a young woman who was her neice near Mary's age. The two girls were excellent friends and worked for the pleasure of each one's satisfaction. Amongst the young people Mary seemed to be rather the

preference, especially amongst the young men, but Mary's parents were very exclusive about her gentleman compnay and often a would be wooer was refused her society. There was one young man of fine character but it seemed from some reason or other his visits were refused, but Mary was rather anxious to have him come so she and her foster sister devised a successful deception against the parents. Instead of coming on Sabbath morning he came some night during the week and was admitted into the kitchen, the girls having stayed in there talking and laughing at a big rate until the parents were in bed and supposedly asleep. Then Will was admitted silently and slyly and the older girl would go upstairs walking heavily as

if there were the two of them and would keep on talking constantly as if Mary too was along, and thus make the parents think they were both together. In this way they threw off

all suspision. In this way they carried on their courtship as long as desirable but it never ended in marriage.

The old eight sided gravy dish, which my mother gave me was formerly her grandmother Henley's, my great grandmother and Leonard Pearson's great great grand mother. She came to Indiana from Parsapatout Co. North Carolina, from near Elizabeth City. At the time my mother gave me the dish, Married and I asked her if we should use it and she replied "O yes, might as well - it has been used for about 150 years and can stand a little more use."

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